The
THOREAU SOCIETY BULLETIN

BULLETIN THIRTY-EIGHT WINTER, 1952

THE FRENCH TRANSLATION OF WALDEN by Francis H. Allen.

(At the first annual meeting of the Thoreau Society at Concord on July 12, 1941, various people present were called upon impromptu to speak briefly on their interest in Thoreau. One of the most delightful of these talks was Francis H. Allen's comments on the French translation of WALDEN. I have often been asked why that talk never saw print. Finally, after ten years, I have asked Mr. Allen to recall his talk, and here it is.--The Editor).

Louis Fabulet's French translation of WALDEN was published in Paris in 1922 by La Nouvelle Revue Française. M. Fabulet had been in correspondence with me about it for some time before publication. Any translator of WALDEN with all its New England expressions and allusions must have a hard time of it, and M. Fabulet was glad of a New-Englander to help him out of some of his difficulties. I remember two amusing cases of his misapprehension of the Yankee vernacular. The first that he consulted me about was on meeting in Chapter XIV Thoreau's account of his conversation with the owner of "Breed's hut," which had been burned down the night before. He asked me what the "rider" was that was not used for the well-sweep, and, after explaining that it was the rail of a stake-and-rider fence, I bethought me that he might not know just what a well-sweep was and I added some sort of a definition of that word. He thanked me warmly in his next letter, saying, "You have avoided me to make a nonsense; I thought it was a well-sweeper."

After that, learning that I could read his French without too much difficulty, he wrote his letters in his native language and he sent me his translation in either manuscript or proof--I forget which. I remember particularly one amusing error that I was able to correct. At the beginning of Chapter VIII Thoreau says that in the forenoon he usually bathed in the pond, "swimming across one of its coves for a stint." The word "stint" had been unfamiliar to M. Fabulet, but he had evidently found in a dictionary that it was used, especially in England, for a small sandpiper, and had translated "for a stint" by "en chasse d'une bécassine," that is, "in pursuit of a snipe." (Any stint is really a much smaller bird than a snipe, but M. Fabulet was no ornithologist.) That sentence, as well as the one about the well-sweep, came out fairly well in the printed book. I might add that Fabulet's word for well-sweep was potence, which my Petit Larousse indicates is a wooden instrument from which to suspend anything, and the accompanying illustration is of a gibbet with a man suspended therefrom.

Louis Fabulet became a fast friend of mine by a correspondence that lasted till he died some years after his Walden was published. His publishers sent me a special de luxe copy of the book, and he himself sent me his verse translation of Byron's "Cain," one of the many translations that he made from the English. From his letters and from the kindness he showed to one of my daughters who was spending a year in Paris I judge that he had a quiet, sincere, and attractive personality.

HENRY THOREAU, GHOST WRITER by Walter Harding

I think it will come as a surprise to most students of Thoreau to learn that he was a ghost writer--and still more to find that it was in the literal sense of the word ghost rather than the figurative. But there has come into my hands a small old volume that has somehow escaped the attention of Thoreau's bibliographers and it tells the story.

The volume is FOOT NOTES OR WALKING AS A FINE ART by Alfred Barron (otherwise known as "Q.") and it was printed by the Wallingford Printing Company in Wallingford, Conn., in 1875. I have been unable to find any mention of Mr. Barron in any of the dictionaries and encyclopedias of American biography, but it is apparent from the context of the book that he was a bachelor, a resident of Wallingford or its vicinity, a lover of nature and of walking, and an amateur writer. The book FOOT NOTES is made up of a series of articles published some ten years previous to 1875 and apparently in a local newspaper.

Where does Thoreau enter the picture? We'll let Mr. Barron tell his own story, as he does in the preface to the book:

> "This book will at once suggest the name of Thoreau. In the year 1862 I read his 'Succession of Forest Trees;' that article overcame a certain prejudice I had against him, and led to the reading of his 'Excursions' as they appeared in the 'Atlantic Monthly' and finally to the reading of 'Walden.' I had long been a walker, and had even thought of making a book full of homely things. In 1864 I sat down to write an account of a visit to the Regicides' Cave, when I was suddenly struck by a strong wave of influence which made the product of my pen quite different from anything I had ever written before. That was the beginning of 'Foot Notes.' I was not at that time a Spiritualist, and am not much of one now: but I must tell the truth, queer as it is, and leave it to take care of itself. Some time after that I began to feel the presence of an invisible companion in some of my walks. At first I thought it was the Evil One; then I came to think it might be Thoreau. It never spoke to me, nor injected any thoughts into my mind to my knowledge; it only seemed to want to be near me. I should not have been at all surprised if Thoreau had appeared to me. Then on the other hand, I should not have been surprised if I had seen a fairy among the toad-stools. Whether I was followed by an evil spirit, or by Thoreau's familiar, or by Thoreau himself, or whether I was only suffering from a disordered fancy, is a question which some one must decide for me. I had no purpose of imitating anybody. It was an easy necessity to write as I did."

How much did Thoreau's spirit influence Mr. Barron? I must confess that I resorted to a little hoax to find out. As I read through the pages of the book, I was struck with what seemed to me an amazing similarity in tone, in style, in word choice, and in subject matter to the writings of Thoreau. I finally excerpted nineteen scattered sentences from the book. If you will turn back to last July's bulletin (#36), you will find on the front page an article by me entitled "Do You Recognize Thoreau's Style?" in which I said, "Following are some quotations, some from Thoreau's works, some by other authors. Can you pick out which are which?" No one happened to send in to me the specific results of their guesses, but a number of people, including the author of one of the best books about Thoreau, wrote that they recognized a number of quotations from Thoreau in the list. The truth of the matter is that only one was from Thoreau's works. (I'll leave it to you to find which one.) All of the rest were from Alfred Barron's FOOT NOTES OR WALKING AS A FINE ART! I am afraid I am too much of a skeptic to be able to identify that man at Mr. Barron's elbow, but I must admit that he produced some startling results.

A FORGOTTEN REVIEW OF WALDEN . . . . WRH

Thoreau in his letter to H.G.O.Blake of December 22, 1854, writes, "Did you see the notice of Walden in the last Anti-Slavery Standard? You will not be surprised if I tell you that it reminded me of you." When I checked the bibliographies, I was surprised to see no such review listed. And so, after some search, I located a copy of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD for December 16, 1854, and there on Page 3 found what was probably the best notice Thoreau received in his lifetime. There is no clue as to the identity of the author of the review.

New Publications.

WALDEN; OR, LIFE IN THE WOODS. By HENRY D. THOREAU, Author of "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers."

THESE books spring from a depth of thought which will not suffer them to be put by, and are written in a spirit in striking contrast with that which is uppermost in our time and country. Out of the heart of practical, hard-working, progressive New England come these Oriental utterances. The life exhibited in them teaches us, much more impressively than any number of sermons could, that this Western activity of which we are so proud, these material improvements, this commercial enterprise, this rapid accumulation of wealth, even our external, associated philanthropic action, are very easily overrated. The true glory of the human soul is not to be reached by the most rapid travelling in car or steamboat, by the instant transmission of intelligence however far, by the most speedy accumulation of a fortune, and however efficient measures we may adopt for the reform of the intemperate, the emancipation of the enslaved, &c., it will [illegible] little unless we are ourselves essentially noble enough to inspire those whom we would so benefit with nobleness. External bondage is trifling compared with the bondage of an ignoble soul. Such things are often said, doubtless, in pulpits and elsewhere, but the men who say them are too [illegible] to live just with the crowd, and so their [illegible] more and more to ring with a hollow [illegible].

It is refreshing to [illegible] these books the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to live, and not to waste his time upon the externals of living. Educated at Cambridge, in the way called liberal, he seems determined to make a liberal life of it, and not to become the slave of any calling, for the sake of earning a reputable livelihood or of being regarded as a useful member of society. He evidently considers it his first business to become more and more a living, advancing soul, knowing that thus alone (though he desires to think as little as possible about that) can he be, in any proper sense, useful to others. Mr. Thoreau's view of life has been called selfish. His own words, under the head of "Philanthropy" in Walden, are the amplest defence against this charge, to those who can appreciate them. In a deeper sense than we commonly think, charity begins at home. The man who, with any fidelity, obeys his own genius, serves men infinitely more by so doing, becoming an encouragement, a strengthener, a fountain of inspiration to them, than if he were to turn aside from his path and exhaust his energies in striving to meet their superficial needs. As a thing by the way, aside from our proper work, we may seek to remove external obstacles from the path of our neighbours, but no man can help them much who makes that his main business, [illegible] adding to the stock of true nobleness in the world.

But suppose all men should pursue Mr. Thoreau's course, it is asked triumphantly, as though, then, we should be sure to go back to barbarism. Let it be considered, in the first place, that no man could pursue his course who was a mere superficial imitator, any more than it would be a real imitation of Christ if all men were to make it their main business to go about preaching the Gospel to each other. Is it progress toward barbarism to simplify one's outward life for the sake of coming closer to Nature and to the realm of ideas? Is it civilization and refinement to be occupied evermore with adding to our material conveniences, comforts and luxuries, to make ourselves not so much living members as dead tools of society, in some bank, shop, office, pulpit or kitchen? If men were to follow in Mr. Thoreau's steps, by being more obedient to their loftiest instincts, there would, indeed, be a falling off in the splendour of our houses, in the richness of our furniture and dress, in the luxury of our tables, but how poor are these things in comparison with the new grandeur and beauty which would appear in the souls of men. What fresh and inspiring conversation should we have, instead of the wearisome gossip which now meets us at every turn. Men toil on, wearing out body or soul, or both, that they may accumulate a needless amount of the externals of living; that they may win the regard of those no wiser than themselves; their natures become warped and hardened to their pursuits; they get fainter and fainter glimpses of the glory of the world, and, by and by, comes into their richly-adorned parlours some wise and beautiful soul, like the writer of these books, who, speaking from the fullness of his inward life, makes their luxuries appear vulgar, showing that, in a direct way, he has obtained the essence of that which his entertainers have been vainly seeking for at such a terrible expense.

It seems remarkable that these books have received no more adequate notice in our Literary Journals. But the class of scholars are often as blind as others to any new elevation of soul. In Putnam's Magazine, Mr. Thoreau is spoken of as an oddity, as the Yankee Diogenes, as though the really ridiculous oddity were not in us of the "starched shirt-collar" rather than in this devotee of Nature and Thought. Some have praised the originality and profound sympathy with which he views natural objects. We might as well stop with praising Jesus for the happy use he has made of the lilies of the field. The fact of surpassing interest for us is the simple grandeur of Mr. Thoreau's position—a position open to us all, and of which this sympathy with Nature is but a single result. This is seen in the less descriptive, more purely thoughtful passages, such as that upon Friendship in the "Wednesday" of the "Week," and in those upon "Solitude," "What I lived for," and "Higher Laws," in "Walden," as well as in many others in both books. We do not believe that, in the whole course of literature, ancient and modern, so noble a discourse upon Friendship can be produced as that which Mr. Thoreau has given us. It points to a relation, to be sure, which, from the ordinary level of our lives, may seem remote and dreamy. But it is our thirst for, and glimpses of, such things which indicate the greatness of our nature, which give the purest charm and colouring to our lives. The striking peculiarity of Mr. Thoreau's attitude is, that while he is no religionist, and [illegible] ile he is eminently practical in regard to [illegible] material economies of life, he yet manifestly feels, through and through, that the loftiest dreams of the imagination are the solidest realities, and so the only foundation for us to build upon, while the affairs in which men are everywhere busying themselves so intensely are comparatively the merest froth and foam.

(Unfortunately the first two paragraphs of the review of WALDEN printed on page two were so blurred in the printing that they are illegible. Here is a correct copy.--The Editor).

These books spring from a depth of thought which will not suffer them to be put by, and are written in a spirit in striking contrast with that which is uppermost in our time and country. Out of the heart of practical, hard-working, progressive New England come these Oriental utterances. The life exhibited in them teaches us, much more impressively than any number of sermons could, that this Western activity of which we are so proud, these material improvements, this commercial enterprise, this rapid accumulation of wealth, even our external, associated philanthropic action, are very easily overrated. The true glory of the human soul is not to be reached by the most rapid travelling in car or steamboat, by the instant transmission of intelligence however far, by the most speedy accumulation of a fortune, and however efficient measures we may adopt for the reform of the intemperate, the emancipation of the enslaved, &c., it will avail little unless we are ourselves essentially noble enough to inspire those whom we would so benefit with nobleness. External bondage is trifling compared with the bondage of an ignoble soul. Such things are often said, doubtless, in pulpits and elsewhere, but the men who say them are too apt to live just with the crowd, and so their words come more and more to ring with a hollow sound.

It is refreshing to find in these books the sentiments of one man whose aim manifestly is to live, and not to waste his time upon the externals of living. Educated at Cambridge, in the way called liberal, he seems determined to make a liberal life of it, and not to become the slave of any calling, for the sake of earning a reputable livelihood or of being regarded as a useful member of society. He evidently considers it his first business to become more and more a living, advancing soul, knowing that thus alone (though he desires to think as little as possible about that) can he be, in any proper sense, useful to others. Mr. Thoreau's view of life has been called selfish. His own words, under the head of "Philanthropy" in Walden, are the amplest defence against this charge, to those who can appreciate them. In a deeper sense than we commonly think, charity begins at home. The man who, with any fidelity, obeys his own genius, serves men infinitely more by so doing, becoming an encouragement, a strengthener, a fountain of inspiration to them, than if he were to turn aside from his path and exhaust his energies in striving to meet their superficial needs. As a thing by the way, aside from our proper work, we may seek to remove external obstacles from the path of our neighbours, but no man can help them much who makes that his main business, instead of seeking evermore, with all his energies, to reach the loftiest point which his imagination sets before him, thus adding to the stock of true nobleness in the world.

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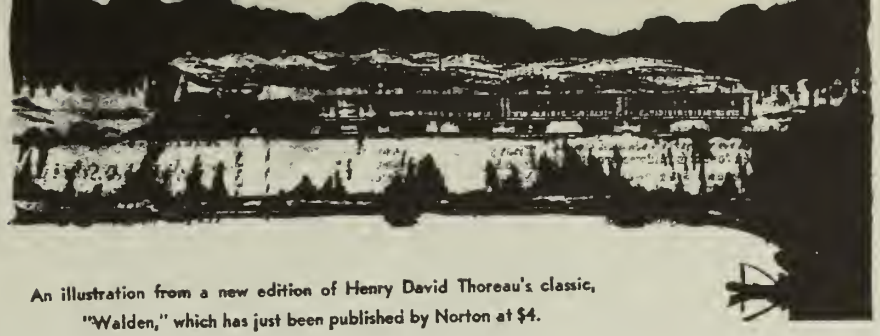

An illustration from a new edition of Henry David Thoreau's classic, "Walden," which has just been published by Norton at $4.

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU, I. . . .

"In those casual or incidental talks, wherein there is no premeditation, and thought springs spontaneously 'free and easy' from suggestions serious or trivial, it was quite noteworthy how intimately associated with all kinds of topics was some word or action of his sylvan friend, Henry Thoreau, whom Emerson had lovingly introduced to literature by means of The Dial, the first contribution being a poem published in the first number.

"Thus it happened, one day, that Mr. Emerson was passing the house of Dr. Robbins, dentist, just as I was leaving it; and, while on the top of the steps, closing the door behind me, he hailed me from the sidewalk with the greeting: 'Pray, what have you been doing there?'

"'Ihave been getting a mutilated mouth repaired,' was my reply.

"'Indeed; have you come to that already? When Thoreau reached that stage of experience, and the operation had been ended, he exclaimed: "What a pity that I could not have known betimes how much Art outdoes Nature in this kind of outfit for life, so that I might have spoken for such a set to start with!"'" --William Hague. RALPH WALDO EMERSON. New York: Putnam, 1884. p.12.

REMINISCENCES OF THOREAU, II. . . .

Some of my gallent young friends of the Cadets and other military organizations assure me that the encampments this summer will be more brilliant and enlivening than usual, and they are looking forward to the season with pleasant anticipations. This reminds me of an anecdote of Thoreau, which I think I shall be forgiven for the telling, even should it chance to have been printed. Just before the Civil War there was a famous muster at Concord, and the peaceful acres, usually vexed with the diligent plow, and possibly even more vexed by the gentle philosophers of those days, became for one week a glittering plain. It was a goodly show, and filled the mere citizen with a just pride in national glory. On the last day of the encampment a certain militiaman from Boston, clad in all the splendid regalia of war, and not dissatisfied with his personal appearance, climbed a neighboring height with Thoreau, who during the week had been conspicuously absent from the inspiring scene. The top gained, they looked long and earnestly at the great human panorama before them, each filled with his own reflection. At length Thoreau said, "Mr. D_____, did it ever occur to you what a small place in Nature a camp fills!" --The Taverner. "Here in Boston." TIME AND THE HOUR, I (1896), 3-4.

We thus begin a new feature of our bulletin--a series of little known anecdotes or reminiscences of Thoreau. The first was called to our attention by Clayton Hoagland; the second, by Raymond Adams. If you know of any such bits, send them in and we will print them as there is room.

NOTES AND QUERIES . . .

Thanks to several of our members, new material on Sophia Foord (or Ford, as she was sometimes known), the woman who frightened Thoreau so much with her proposal for marriage, has come to light. Your secretary is preparing a Thoreau Society booklet about her and would be grateful for any further information about her. Could anyone tell us where to find a picture of her or whether she was one of the Foord sisters who lived at Brook Farm for a time?

More references to and quotations from HDT: in a recent ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, the British magazine, his ideas on house design are quoted. Lillian E. Watson's LIGHT FROM MANY LAMPS (Simon & Schuster, 1951) quotes several passages from T. A new herb catalog cites T. on herbs. A.G.Gardiner's PROPHETS, PRIESTS & KINGS (London: Dent, 1914) refers to the Walden Pond experiment as an "adventure of the soul." Theodore Roosevelt's WILDERNESS HUNTER says, "As a woodland writer, Thoreau comes second only to Burroughs" (!). The latest issue of LIVING WILDERNESS (Autumn '51) quotes frequently from T. The U.S. State Department is planning to print an article on T illustrated with Teale's photographs for release in India to show that not all Americans are interested only in machines. The New York Public Library has recently been conducting discussions of "Civil Disobedience" in its branch libraries. Marcel Proust, the French novelist, wrote to the Comtesse de Noailles in 1904, "Lisez . . . les pages admirables de Walden. Il me semble qu'on les lise en soi-même tant elles sortent du fond de notre expérience intime."

Leonard Kleinfeld (150 Nassau St, New York) writes that he has a few copies of his THOREAU CHRONOLOGY left which he will be glad to swap for other Thoreau books.

A fine tribute to our executive committee member Francis H. Allen is printed in the October BULLETIN OF THE MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY, p. 304.

OUR THOREAU COLLECTORS . . .

As we suggested in the last bulletin, we shall list from time to time unusual bits of Thoreauviana owned by our members. Please let the secretary know what you have. He is particularly interested in association items such as books from Thoreau's own library, manuscripts, etc. Here is the first installment:

Theo. Brown of Moline, Illinois has one of the original Maxham daguerreotypes of Thoreau that was made by Maxham of Worcester. He also has a first edition of A WEEK given by Thoreau to his grandfather, Theo Brown, with Thoreau's signature.

Miss Rella Ritchell, Towers Hotel, Brooklyn, N.Y. has a collection of 15 books by T including some of the Elbert Hubbard limited editions; numerous magazine articles about him; a clipping from the N.Y.TRIBUNE about his visit to Fire Island to find the remains of Margaret Fuller; and the Walton Ricketson plaque profile of Thoreau.

George G. Wright, 68 Watertown St, Watertown, Mass. has an extra-illustrated edition of the MAINE WOODS filled with original photographs circa 1895 and other material pertinent to Thoreau and his visits to the Maine woods.

To save the secretary some time and the budget some money, please enclose a self-addressed two-penny postal with your dues if you wish a receipt.

ADDITIONS TO THE THOREAU BIBLIOGRAPHY . . . . . WRH

Ackerson, John. "White Birches at Concord." N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE. Oct. 10, 1951. A poetic tribute to Thoreau.

Angier, Vena & Bradford. AT HOME IN THE WOODS: LIVING THE LIFE OF THOREAU TODAY. New York: Sheridan House, 1951. 255pp. $3.50. Despite T's injunction in WALDEN not to imitate him, every year brings a new crop of those who retreat to the woods to "live the life of Thoreau today." Mr. & Mrs. Angier were Boston writers when they decided to live the simple life and built themselves a cabin in the far northern wilderness of British Columbia. They have truly lived the simple life there, and after four years are still enjoying it to the hilt. Their book has none of the profundity of WALDEN, but it is simple, pleasant reading. I think you will enjoy it. --WRH

Baker, Isadore. "On Receiving a Violet from the Grave of Thoreau." in A COLLECTION OF POEMS BY AMERICA'S YOUNGER POETS. Philadelphia: Westminster, 1888. A sonnet.

Bevington, Helen. "When Found, Make a Note of." in 19 MILLION ELEPHANTS AND OTHER POEMS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1950. p.24. A poem on T. and Whitman.

Eidson, John Olin. CHARLES STEARNS WHEELER: FRIEND OF EMERSON. Athens: Univ. of Ga., 1951,117pp. $3.00.

One of the happiest products of research on Transcendentalism in recent years has been the systematic filling in of gaps in the biographies of the members of the movement. Now one more space has been filled--and very adequately filled at that. Wheeler, who died when he was only 26, is one of the minor figures of the movement. But he produced a remarkable amount of work in his short life, and, even more important, acted as a catalyst for both Emerson and Thoreau. Dr. Eidson, in what is obviously a labor of love, has painstakingly run down all the known facts on Wheeler's life--and many previously unknown ones--and put them together in what is unquestionably the definitive biography. Thoreau scholars will find in it much new light on Thoreau's college years including a complete checklist of his college marks and rank (p.80). There is also as full an account as probably can ever be made of Wheeler's sojourn on Flint's Pond and its influence on the Walden experiment.

Glick, Wendell. "Three New Early Manuscripts by Thoreau." HUNTINGTON LIBRARY QUARTERLY, XV, (November, 1951), 59-71. Prints, with enlightening comments, three hitherto unpublished book reviews which Thoreau wrote for his college classes. It includes reviews of (1) THE BOOK OF THE SEASONS; OR THE CALENDAR OF NATURE by William Howitt, (2) THE HISTORY OF THE PROGRESS AND TERMINATION OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC by Adam Ferguson, and (3) SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR W. SCOTT by Allan Cunningham and FAMILIAR ANECDOTES OF SIR W. SCOTT by James Hogg. The manuscripts were found in Thoreau's "Index Rerum" which is in the Huntington Library.

Harding, Walter. "Franklin B. Sanborn and Thoreau's Letters." BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY QUARTERLY, III (Oct. 1951), 288-293. Sanborn "performed a major service by preserving in print many Thoreau manuscripts which have since disappeared and which would otherwise have been totally lost. But one should approach his work with caution, realizing that the product is not pure Thoreau, but rather a Sanbornized Thoreau." Prints for the first time the original text of T's letter to Greeley of May 19, 1848.

Kamp, Anton. N.C.Wyeth and Thoreau. Mimeographed. 9pp. The text of Mr. Kamp's address before the 1951 Thoreau Society annual meeting. Mr. Kamp has kindly donated the remainder of his supply of this booklet to the society and copies will be mailed out on request to the secretary so long as the supply lasts.

MacKaye, Benton. "Thoreau on Ktaadn." LIVING WILDERNESS, IX (Sept. 1944), 3-6. Thoreau's philosophical views on the mountain reviewed.

Meserve, Harry C. "What is Loyalty?" A mimeographed sermon on Thoreau's "Civil Disobedience" distributed in 1951 by the Unitarian Church of the Larger Fellowship.

P(otter), G(eorge) W(illiam). "Henry Thoreau." PROVIDENCE (R.I.) EVENING BULLETIN. Dec. 7, 1951. "Thoreau's Walden Pond hut belongs immortally to the heritage of this country."

_____. "Walden." PROVIDENCE (R.I.) EVENING BULLETIN. Dec. 21, 1951. WALDEN is primarily not a nature essay but "a study in values."

Seybold, Edith. THOREAU: THE QUEST AND THE CLASSICS. Reviews: Pritchard, John Paul. AMERICAN LITERATURE, XXIII (Nov., 1951), 385-6. Paul, Sherman. NEW ENGLAND QUARTERLY, XXIV (Sept. 1951), 399-402.

Teale, Edwin Way. NORTH WITH THE SPRING. New York: Dodd, Mead, 1951. This fine study of the advance of spring northward contains many references to HDT and the chapter "The Crane Fields" tells of a visit to T's Concord scenes.

Thoreau, Henry D. CAPE COD (Lunt edition). Review. Allen, Francis H. BULLETIN OF MASS. AUDUBON SOCIETY, XXXV (Nov. 1951), 357-8.

_____. EXCURSIONS. The Nov. 23, 1863 NEW YORK TIMES review of the first edition is reprinted in the TIMES' centennial A CENTURY OF BOOKS 1851-1951. p. 5.

_____. "Mist," "Smoke," and "Independence." in Untermeyer, Louis, ed. THE POCKET BOOK OF AMERICAN POEMS. New York: Pocket Books, 1948. pp. 135-6.

_____. WALDEN. New York: Norton, 1951. 354pp. Introduction by Basil Willey. Illustrated by Henry Bugbee Kane. The last in Norton's 3vol. edition of Thoreau's writings. The introduction, unfortunately, has little of any significance to say. But Kane's illustrations are on an equal with the high standard set in his two previous volumes. It is indeed a pleasure to have an edition of WALDEN in good, readable type and beautifully illustrated.

_____. The Same. Review. Longstreth, T. Morris. CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR. Nov. 29, 1951.

Whitford, Philip and Kathryn. "Thoreau: Pioneer Ecologist and Conservationist." SCIENTIFIC MONTHLY, LXXIII (Nov. 1951), 291-6. By far the best study yet of Thoreau's contributions to science. Evaluates both Thoreau's work and other attempts to study his work. Particularly good on his study of tree growth. One minor error: despite what they say, Thoreau did read Darwin's ORIGIN OF SPECIES.

I am indebted to the following for help in compiling information used in this bulletin: R. Adams, F. Allen, E. Anderson, T. Bailey, T. Brown, A. Hench, K. Heumann, A. Hill, C. Hoagland, A. Kamp, L. Kleinfeld, N. Lehrman, A. Lownes, E. Perry, R. Ritchell, W. Sutton, E. Teale, A. Volkman, R. Wild, G. Wright, and J. Wyllie. Please inform the secretary of new items as you find them and any that he has missed.

The Thoreau Society Inc. is an informal organization of several hundred students and followers of the life and works of Henry David Thoreau. Membership is open to anyone interested. Fees are one dollar a year; life membership, twenty-five dollars. A price list of back publications may be obtained from the secretary. All material, unless otherwise assigned, is compiled or written by the secretary.

The officers of the society are Raymond Adams, Chapel Hill, N.C., president; Mrs. Caleb Wheeler, Concord, Mass., vice-president; and secretary-treasurer:

Walter Harding
Room 15 Cabell Hall
University of Virginia
CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA.